

He and his family are very proud both of ancestry and position. Within limits his word is law; a letter from him is better than any Government passport or escort through the nearly inaccessible fastnesses of the Ashirets; "By the Head of Mar Shimun/" and "By the House of Mar Shimun " are common asseverations, but he and his are exposed constantly to indignities and insults from minor Turkish officials and from Kurdish chiefs, and the continual disrespect to his person and office is said to be eating into his soul.

He wears a crimson *fez* with a black *pagri*, a short blue cloth jacket with sleeves wide at the bottom and open for a few inches at the inner seam, blue cloth trousers of a sailor cut, a red and white striped satin shirt, the front and sleeves of which are very much *en evidence*, and a crimson girdle, but without the universal *tikanjar*.

This is the man who is the head at once of a church and nation, the temporal and spiritual ruler of the Syrian people, the hereditary Patriarch, the *Catjolicos* of the East, whose dynastic ancestors ranked as sixth in dignity in the Catholic Church in its early ages. It was not, however, till the early part of the fifth century, when the Church of the East threw in her lot with Nestorius, after his condemnation in 431 by the Council of Ephesus for "heretical" views on the nature of our Lord, that the *Catholicos* of the East assumed the farther title of Patriarch. As I look on Mar Shimun's irresolute face,

and see the homage which his people pay to  
him, I recall  
the history of a day when this Church,  
which only  
survives as an obscure and hunted remnant,,  
planted  
churches and bishoprics in Persia, Central  
Asia, Tartary,  
and China; its missionaries, full of zeal and  
self-sacri-  
fice, brought such legions into its fold that in  
the sixth  
century the ecclesiastical ancestor of this  
Patriarch,  
then resident at Baghdad, ruled over  
twenty-five metro-